Pet. I marry muſt you. For you muſt vnderſtand he goes but to ſee a noyſe that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thyſ. Moſt radiant *Piramus*, moſt Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant bryer,
Moſt brisky Iuuenall, and eke moſt louely Iew,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre,
Ile meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* toombe.

Pet. *Ninus* toombe man: why you muſt not ſpeake that yet; that you anſwer to *Piramus*: you ſpeake all your part at once, cues and al. *Piramus* enter, your cue is paſt; it is neuer tyre.

Thyſ. O, as true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre.

Pir. If I were faire, *Thisby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monſtrous. O ſtrange. We are haunted; pray maſters, flye maſters, helpe.

Rob. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through buſh, through brake, through bryer
Sometime a horſe Ile be, ſometime a hound,
A hogge, a headleſſe beare, ſometime a fire,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horſe, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard. *Enter Snowt.*

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſſe head of your own. Do you?

Enter Peter quince.

Pet. Bleſſe thee *Bottome*, bleſſe thee; thou art tranſlated. *Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knauery; this is to make an aſſe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe heere, and I will ſing that they ſhall heare I am not afraid.
The Wooſell cocke, ſo blacke of hew,
With Orange tawny bill,

The

The Throſtle, wi
The Wren with
Tytania. What
Bot. The Finc
The plainſong C
Whoſe note full
And dares not a
For indeed, who
Who would giu
uer ſo?
Tyta. I pray t
Mine eare is mu
On the firſt view
So is mine eye e
And thy faire ve
Bot. Me-thi
for that: and yet
tle company tog
ſome honeſt neig
I can gleeke vpo
Tyta. Thou ar
Bot. Not ſo ne
of this wood, I h
Tyta. Out of t
Thou ſhalt rema
I am a ſpirit of n
The Sommer ſti
And I do loue th
Ile giue thee Fa
And they ſhall f
And ſing, while
And I will purg
That thou ſhalt
Peaſe-bloſſome,